

Warlord

by Evil Angel 215

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Summary: Somewhere in the galaxy something stirs and its angry

1. Chapter 1

Somewhere on ancient facility something stirred. Its reactor flared before a steady hum filled its heart. Power flowed through its battle scarred body as systems came online and a being older than the man awoke.

It remembered fighting. It was born fighting. Its mother was a furnace, its father a STC and their child was a god. It looked inside its cockpit and what it saw flooded its being with something strange. Sadness. It had never felt that. A figure was sitting on the command throne. She seemed young and her youthful features seemed peaceful. She did not breathe. She must breathe. She was him and he was her. He had been with her for ten thousand years.

Ancient systems were forced to work and a static field covered her body preserving her for as long as he lived. He smiled within as he looked at her. Arms the size of skyscrapers moved and forced what used to be a mountain out of its way. Its eyes began to glow. The weapons on its shoulders began a high pitched whine.

The Warlord titan Astrum Mortis ripped free of its rocky prison and it set its sights on the sky as a massive arch towered above it.

It had been dragged from its home, its princeps was dead and now it would seek its revenge.

**So what do you think? Yes he's on a halo. Its after the great war. If anybody is interested he is armed with two twin volcano cannons on his shoulders, a Gatling blaster on his left and a Quake cannon on his right not to mention the assortment of defence weapons a warlord has. **

2. Chapter 2

****Oni Section Zero Location Unknown. ****

Conner was bored. Sure working with Oni was a great pick up line when he was in a bar but really it was boring. He had to sit here and watch for unusual energy readings. Ten years ago that would have been interesting. Not now. According to his long range scanners the galaxy was boring.

Of course according to the conspiracy theorists there should be a brute fleet approaching earth every time there was a meteor storm. But then it was just that; a theory. In reality the only aliens coming to earth was the odd Elite delegation that came to sort out treaties and other political jargon.

In other words it was like watching paint dry.

Conner put his hands behind his head and leaned back on his chair and listened to the faint hum of the other hundreds of computers in this building and wished he was somewhere but here. He was about to go to asleep when an alarm went off at his console. He leaned forwards and his eyes widened.

He was getting a high priority message from Sanghelios

****Unknown Halo installation****

Astrum Mortis walked. He crushed forest with each step and if it rained lakes would be formed. Heavy bolters that covered him twitched as undying servitors sort targets. His sight would cause entire armies to surrender. He was also angry. His princeps was dead. Looking at her as he walked, he wished she was here to see this. He was standing on what to be seemed entirely artificial world.

Of appeared to be also xeno in nature as he had seen buildings that were to curving to be of human design. But it was beautiful in its heresy. And the fact she couldn't see it made him angrier. He turned and looked at a mountain and wondered he should destroy it to make himself feel better. Then he chided himself he would not destroy a mere mountain.

Alarms started to blare in his cockpit. He turned and looked up at the sky. A ship had just come into sensor range. It was pathetic; it was only 647 meters' in length. Not even an imperial destroyer was that small. Then his scanners penetrated its hull. If he had lips to snarl with he would have done so. Xenos the damn thing was infested with them. He didn't know what type they were if they were hostile but they were xenos' and they deserved one fate. The two pairs of volcano cannons on his shoulders charged and started to point towards the heavens

Venture's Brute ship master of the destroyer _Shadows of Stars _could have laughed in at the holy sight of one of the rings. Here was the true sign that the gods existed. He leaned back on his command throne and smiled as he looked through view screen. He had tracked an unknown energy signature and look where it had brought him here. Glory would be his.

"Sent a message to the home world tell them what we have found" he barked. The brute minor in charge of communications started hailing home.

"Shipmaster we have an unknown energy sig..." That's all the Brute had time to say before he was vaporised.

All things considered a volcano is an insanely powerful weapon. Capable of blasting through entire armies with a single broadside the weapon was more home on a ship than a ground unit. One volcano cannon would be considered overkill on covenant destroyer, two would suggest the wielder had a personal grudge, four suggested the wielder was either off his face or really shouldn't be allowed near a volcano cannon.

When the four beams of highly concentrated light hit the destroyer its shields flared for a bit before giving up, then the extreme heat simply turned the ship to dust.

Astrum Mortis was not satisfied. It had been no challenge. They had been target practice. Even the fragile vessels of the Eldar were tougher than this. He found himself angrier than before. He wanted something he could fight! Something that would satisfy him. He screamed his rage through his war horns.

Conner ran. Even know certain information was considered too sensitive to be passed through a computer. And boy did he ever need to go to the gym. He ran past disgruntle employees and colleges as he knocked them over trying to get to his managers office. He turned a corridor ignored the pleas of a secretary and barged his way into the office of his manager.

"What is the meaning of this!" his manger shouted. The manager was a man in his fifties anything else was considered to be classified information.

"Sir we just got an Alpha level communication from Sanghelios using a new type of long range sensor they have just discovered a new halo." The manager sat down in his chair.

"Do they brutes know about this?"

"Unknown sir"

****Doisac Champers of the High Chieftain. ****

"Are you sure?" a low voice growled.

"Yes my lord." Two sets of eyes turned to look at a holographic map in the centre of the room.

"So we found anew halo."

3. Chapter 3

Victoria dealt with secrets. They were an everyday occurrence in her job and she might like them or not but they still existed. Right know she was keeping a very big one from her future husband. She wondered

how exactly she would tell. Because the first thing they had first agreed to when Buck had proposed was to have no secrets between them (unless it was legally binding). But how did you tell a gunny sergeant with anger issues that his girlfriend was knocked up. She was about to call him when the phone rang. She answered it.

"Hello this Captain Buck/Dare speaking."

"Get your team together Captain." Dare' eyes widened.

"Director?"

"Get your team together Dare something has come and we need your team." With that The Director of Oni hanged up. Dare sighed and picked up the phone and typed in Buck's number. He would to hear this.

A new alien ship had appeared over the artificial world and if Astrum Mortis desired he could have blasted it into the next century but he did not want to do that. He wanted something to kill but he wanted to see death with his own optical sensors. What was the point of praising Ommissah if he could reap the benefits as well? He wanted to see the pain in the enemies' eyes as he crushed the life out of them. He wanted to see them weep in despair as they caught sight of them. He wanted to fulfil his desirers. He smiled as his sensors picked up drop ships coming into orbit he could see the ionised air that protect the craft from certain death. He didn't want them burning up in orbit.

He moved towards a mountain large enough to hide him from enemy eyes. He would come for them with their guards down. As he waited for the ships to land he turned all is attention to the piece of him that had died. He had never felt so alone in his life. Never had a moment of his existence had she not been there. Without her there it was like the sky had fallen down. And then in a single moment he felt so much grief he felt like overloading his own reactor and letting himself go in a moment of beautiful oblivion, let himself go to the Throne if that was possible and then rejoin her in the paradise that was the Emperor. He mentally shook his head .No. She would have wanted him to go in battle and flames not by his own lack of will. He was a Titian; a god machine! Suicide was not an option for him. He would go in amidst a battle of faith and fury. That was the only option.

Then through his sensors he felt the xeno ships land. If it were possible he would have smiled.

He strode out behind the mountain with war horns roaring and surveyed the scene before him. Littered across the ground were numerous alien transports that were either u-shaped or were of a design that reminded him of the Tau or the Eldar. Surrounding them were creatures that were ape like in appearance but taller than a man and bore weapons that wee covered in spike and blades. Xenos every single one of them. They stared dumbly at him as his full figure came out from behind the mountain. He also spotted a alien ship in low orbit.

The barrels of his Gatling blaster began to spin. And he smiled mentally once more.

The Gatling blaster is considered to be one the greatest

anti-everything weapons in the imperium. Capable of sending out two thousand 150mm high explosive rounds a minute it can obliterate entire armies with a single short burst. The brutes thought they knew war but they did not now it on the scale that Astrum Mortis did. The barrels reached full speed and then hundreds of shells poured out of the muzzles of the barrels. Thousands of brutes died in the first seconds as the titian did one massive sweep of his arm. He then noticed the ship was approaching him and his sensors felt its weapons charging. He raised his Gatling blaster still firing and lets his heavy bolters deal with the gunships and the remaining troops. The convent frigate could easily withstand one 150mm shell but it could not withstand the thousands of shells that slammed into its shields and once they failed ,its hull. The brute commander tried to pull away but it was too late as the ship shuddered and then exploded as a shell penetrated it power core.

Phantoms fell out of the sky as heavy bolter rounds pieced cockpits and engines kill the Brutes they carried or crushing them on the ground. All the while Astrum Mortis laughed in glee while the brute fleet master in orbit screamed in rage.

4. Chapter 4

In many religions there is a figures known as Gods. They can only be only one god or there can be multiple but all over the universe so called higher being are worshipped, it is one of the few things that is consistent throughout time. It happens everywhere.

The mere sight of Astrum Mortis would make the most pious Presbyterian convert. He strode through the amassed Brutes like a force of nature. The battle cannons mounted on his legs became a beat as they unleashed broadsides that reduced his foes to mere stains on the ground. The double crack of the heavy bolters became the drums as they sent fist sized rounds towards the enemy. The Gatling blaster's barrels were but a blur as they poured rounds into the ranks of the brutes creating a symphony of screams and explosions. The quake cannon caused the ground the shake and rumble as shells penetrated the ground and exploding with the force of twenty Earthshaker rounds sending brutes screaming into the air. The real crescendo was the volcanoes as they charges with a high pitched whine, then with a roar that sounded like the birth scream of a star four beams of red light arched skywards obliterating anything in his path. He was an orchestra in his own right and to Astrum Mortis there was no sound more beautiful.

This it what he lived for! The thrill of battle and the screams of dying. He growled in satisfaction as he brought is foot down on four legged walker, he laughed as it exploded in ball of blue fire, if had been human he would have tickled. He screamed in rage as a ship managed to avoid a burst from his volcano cannons. He wept as he realised his princeps was not there, he thought battle would be a distraction from his grief but it was still there. It hurt more than the time a corrupted Reaver titian punch him in the leg with a powerfist. It was agony beyond human understanding to lose a part of you.

He couldn't stop screaming.

He would find a way to bring her back.

He didn't care if he lived or died.

Veronica hated this bit. Slipspace was supposed to be beautiful, it enabled humanity to defend her colonies and link them to the stars. And she found it boring.

After she got past the initial thrill of space travel, she no longer spent her time on the bridge staring into the random shapes through the view screen in wonder but rather spent her time either in the gym or in the mess. Right now she was staring at pile of watery spaghetti bolognaise not eating it but rearranging it with her fork.

The mess was normally loud and filled with the sound of marines eating (which boiled down to swearing at burping) but now everyone was silent. Everybody was either whispering in hushed tones or staring in their food hoping it would contain some sort of answers, some where you could hear someone cry. They had all heard the news before they had left.

There was another Halo. The Brutes were already there and they could be ready to press the button for all they knew. Even Buck had nothing to say as he stared into his burger, holding Veronicas hand under the table.

"Well Shit!" Mickey shouted turning heads as it was the first thing that had been spoken in fifteenn minutes. "I'm not gonna sit here and mope, I'm gonna party! We could be dead any minute why are wasting it by sitting here?" Nobody moved but just returning to looking at there food. Buck looked at Dutch who was sitting next to Mickey and gave him a faint nod. Butch then slammed his fist into Mickey's groin. Mickey pitched over and started to rock on the floor.

"There's a time and a place ,dickhead." Romeo muttered. Everybody on the table except for Mickey returned to looking at their food.

Astrum looked as the ship descended from orbit. No emotion went through him as it lowered it form into the atmosphere. It was the size of an imperial cruiser and he could detect swarms of xenos on board. He began to walk quicker.

Memories began to flooding him as he sped up trampling thousands of xenos beneath his feet.

He charged up all his weapons but he did not look for victory.

He knew how to bring her back.

He had to die.

He charged at full speed towards the ships weapons spitting death.

5. Important!

Good news everybody I am doing a rewrite of this fic that includes longer chapters and a more in depth characters so keep a look out because the prologue will be out soon

End
file.